

The Middlebury Campus

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 8

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE CENTRAL COLLEGE OF VERMONT.

Equidistant from the Northern and Southern Boundaries. Half way between Vermont's largest cities. On New York Central Lines (Rutland Railroad.) Four through trains daily each way between New York and Boston and Montreal. Fare (mileage) from New York, \$5.34; from Boston, \$4.00.

COURSES.

Three four-year courses, Classical, Scientific, and Pedagogical. The Scientific Course includes two years of preparation for engineering and admits to the Junior year of schools of technology of the highest grade. The Pedagogical Course prepares for teaching in high schools and school superintendence. The three courses embrace 157 studies in 14 departments of instruction.

ELECTIVE GROUPS.

Middlebury College offers to every student the personal advice and assistance of some member of the Faculty in laying out a practical course of study. Groups of studies have been formed for the benefit of students who have in mind a particular occupation. In connection with these groups, a member of the Faculty is appointed by the President to act as an adviser to students wishing to specialize in that group. The subjects in which groups have been formed are Agriculture, Business, Education, Engineering, Journalism, Law, Medicine, Mineral Industry, and Theology.

SUMMER SESSION.

The Summer Session of 1911 will be held July 5 to August 11. About forty courses will be offered, including College Extension Courses and Lectures, Courses leading to the Degrees of A. B. and B. S., Graduate Courses, and College Preparatory Studies.

FURTHER INFORMATION.

The Catalogue for 1910-11 may be had on application, and inquiries may be addressed to

PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS.

Middlebury, Vt.

The Bardwell Hotel

Rutland, Vt.

American plan, \$2.50 and up
Rutland's Leading Hotel.

Lalor Bros., Proprietors

The Spalding Trade Mark

On any Article Athletic
pleases the boy. It gives
to the Ball, Bat, Mask,
its proper classification—
THE BEST. Agency at

STEWART'S,

Middlebury, Vt.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

¶ Provides Schools of all grades with competent teachers.

¶ Assists teachers in obtaining positions.

¶ What Middlebury graduates say of us :

Addison, N. Y.—I have accepted the position at Addison and will send check for commission very soon. I thank you for the interest you have shown in me and am very much pleased with my place. Edith Vera Fay, (Middlebury, '09) April 14, 1909.

Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.—I have just received a letter from Dr. Dunton which practically settles my engagement. Thank you for services rendered. W. Henry Hayford, (Middlebury, '08) June 1, 1909.

Richford, Vt.—The position of preceptress at Richford has been offered me and I have accepted it. I thank you for your successful efforts in my behalf. Susie C. Holmes, (Middlebury, '09) July 2, 1909.

Now is the time to register Send for application form and Bulletin No. 20,

Harlan P. French,
81 CHAPEL STREET, - ALBANY, N. Y.

A WINTER PRECAUTION

Fall and Winter is the season for colds and coughs. It is the time when serious throat and lung troubles get their start. Every cough is a threat against life and should be rightly cured. Coughs must not be dried up or drugged into silence; they must be soundly cured by removing the cause. ∴ ∴ ∴

REXALL CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP

is, we believe, the remedy you should insist upon using. It goes to the source of trouble and removes it. It soothes, heals and strengthens. ∴ ∴ ∴

Price 25c.

Sheldon's Store

Opposite Post Office

H. A. SHELDON
1847

DR. W. H. SHELDON
1910

Cut Flowers at All Times

— AT —

HUNT'S GREENHOUSES.

E. G. HUNT, Jr. Tel. Connections.

Lunch Room

FIRST-CLASS LUNCH
All Hours of the Day.
All Hours of the Night.

Ladies' Room* separate.

Bakery has just been moved to the new building west of Beckwith's.

Fancy Biscuits, Cakes,
Crackers and Bread.

G. T. Kidder

L. E. MELLEN,
PHILIP E. MELLEN,

DENTISTS

Office over Post-office in Battell Blk,

OFFICE HOURS:

8 to 12 a. m., and
1 to 5 p. m.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Telephone Call 110 2



COTRELL & LEONARD

ALBANY, N. Y.

Caps & Gowns

For College People.
Correct types, reason-
able prices. Bulletin
and samples on re-
quest.

M. K. MOORE

54 MAIN STREET

FURNITURE, ROOFING

ROOF PAINTS, WHIPS, Etc.

GENERAL AUCTIONEER

Telephone 32-4

The CROSSETT SHOE for men
makes life's walk easy.

\$3.00 \$3.50 and \$4.00

H. T. KIDDER CO.

Middlebury, Vt., Main Street

When in need of
a Good Rig go to the

SARGENT HOUSE STABLES

E. R. Norton, Prop.

Telephone

Court St.

R. L. BROUGH Watch Maker and Jeweler

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF JEWELRY,
CLOCKS, WATCHES, ETC.

Sole agent for South Bend Watches. Located
in MOORE'S Furniture Store by Bridge.
Everything guaranteed.

BEFORE

Buying elsewhere, see my
line of Stamped Goods, in-
cluding Shirt Waists, Hats,
Centerpieces, Aprons, etc.

I. S. WAUGH.



Hair
Cuts!

Arthur Delphia

First - Class
BARBER

UP STAIRS, NEAR THE BRIDGE

NASH & HAYDEN

First Class
BARBERS

All Kinds of
Barbers' Supplies

MIDDLEBURY
VERMONT

DR. HOWARD L. AVERILL,

DENTIST

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

OVER DR. STERNS' DRUG STORE.

LOOK NOW!

Do not wait till your
PRINTED MATTER
is entirely gone

YOU NEED GOOD PRINTING
NO OTHER KIND WILL DO

Come in or send in.
We are always ready
to give your orders
our best attention

SEYMOUR BROS.

Painstaking
Printers

Mill Street, Middlebury, Vt.

The Middlebury Campus

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

PUBLISHED EIGHT TIMES A YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

Published Monthly except January, July, August and September.

Dates of Publication :—October 20th, November 20th, December 20th, February 10th,
March 15th, April 15th, May 30th, and June, 30th.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 8

EDITORIAL BOARD.

HERBERT A. BURNHAM, '11, Editor-in-Chief.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

ARTHUR W. HARRIS, '12.

WILFRED E. DAVISON, '13.

GEORGE G. TAYLOR, '12.

MARVIN J. DODD, '13.

MARGARET FRENCH, '11.

EUNICE WOODWARD SMITH, '11.

MARION ADELAIDE FRIZELLE, '11.

JOHN KOPKE, '12,	-	Business Manager
JOHN M. AVERY, '11,	-	- Assistant.
JOHN A. FLETCHER, '87, -	-	Treasurer.
FRANK W. CADY, '99,	-	Consulting Editor.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

FRANK W. CADY, '99.

J. A. FLETCHER, '87.

JOHN KOPKE, '12.

CONTENTS.

A BARTON HEPBURN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	261
A WEEK IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	265
PRESIDENT BUCKHAM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	268
ST. ANDREW'S DINNER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	269
A BIT OF HUMANITY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	271
THE EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	274
ALUMNI NOTES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	276
FRESHMEN PARADE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	281
THE DEAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	281
Y. M. C. A. NOTES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	282
DEBATE WITH ST. LAWRENCE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	282
SOPHOMORE HOP	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	283
COLLEGE NOTES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	283

SONG OF THE ROAD.

HO for the voice of the winds
 Calling the pilgrims far,
 O'er the crest of the earth to a kingly birth,
 Friends of the northern star !

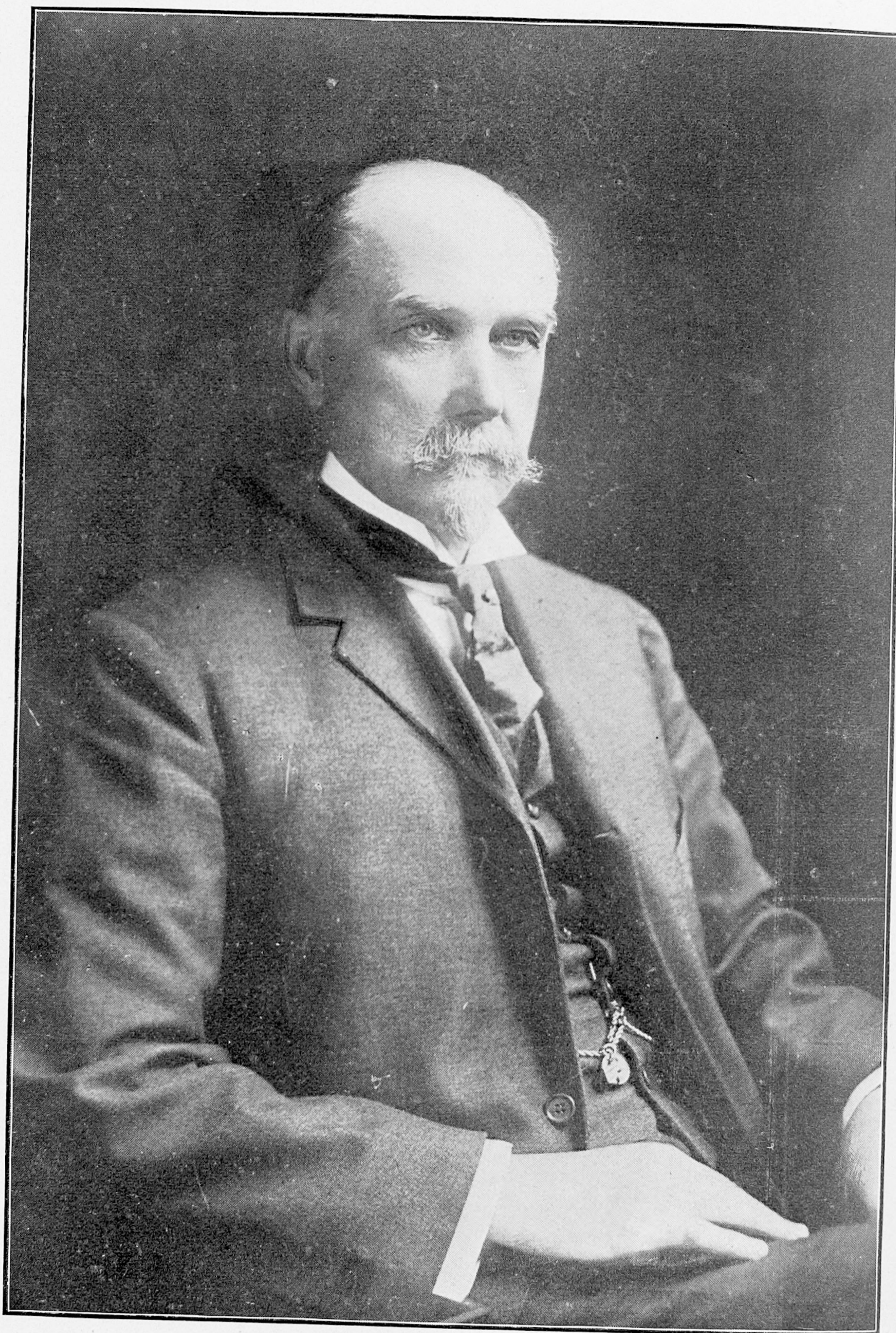
 Ho, for the sunny world,
 Blossom and bird and bee,
 For the song of the streams, the cool night dreams,
 The lure of the sky-rimmed sea !

 Ho, for the red of the blood,
 Stirring the restless heart,
 For the brave who would stray o'er the world's great way
 Down where the dawn tides start !

 Ho, for the voice of the road
 Calling the pilgrim far,
 O'er the crest of the earth to a kingly birth,
 Friends with the northern star !

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, '09.

From The Smart Set.



A. BARTON HEPBURN

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

A BARTON HEPBURN.

[BY IRVING BACHELLER.]

ONCE there was a boy who lived on the farm of his father near a great wilderness in a land of mighty hunters and his name was Barton Hepburn. Stories of the chase, of the delights and hardships of the camp and trail were the amusement of every fireside roundabout, and voices of recollection slackened the pace of commerce in the village stores hard by. Above the Hepburn farm the Racquette River rushed out of the woods and swept around its acres and over a great hurdle of rocks below it with the speed of a race horse. It had travelled far in the primitive forest. Mink, otter, beaver, bear, deer and panther had preyed or played or slaked their thirst in its currents. Every day hunters came down out of the woods on the foaming back of this wild water-horse in saddles of cedar and came up into the village of Colton and some went on down the roads to Pierrepont. They stood on the street corners and expectorated and narrated, often with rare creative talent, while their long hair and æolian beards sang in the wind like the top of a pine tree. There were Mose Leonard and Rip Leonard and Lute Crampton and Eithel Wilcox and others like them,—big, rough-barked, hardy, mocassined, picturesque men. In this atmosphere of adventure and romance Barton Hepburn came to his young manhood. It is no wonder that he ventured into the pathless wilderness when a boy of thirteen with his rifle but without parental consent, got his buck and returned safely to his home. His love of the woods and the chase led him, three years later, to invest all his savings in twenty-five traps and announce that he was going up the Racquette River to be a trapper. It was no idle whim. He had studied the river banks. He was a bank examiner soon after he got out of his cradle. He knew the currency of those banks. He had increased its circulation. He had handled all denominations of it from the "muskrat" to the beaver. It was his sister, Cordelia, one of those high-minded, gentle-souled women that have helped to make America, and long since gone to their rest,

who dissuaded him from his purpose. She took possession of the traps and walked to Colton and got him a place in one of the stores. She must have sown in his heart, too, the seed of a nobler purpose—the thought of bigger game than any that prowled beneath the skyscrapers of the wilderness.

He saved his money and was soon a student in the St. Lawrence Academy at Potsdam and later in Middlebury College; then Principal of the High School in Ogdensburg—a considerable city even then. When I first saw him he was the School Commissioner for St. Lawrence County. I remember well the day in early summer when he called at the old Howard School House in Pierrepont. He was then a slim, young man of about twenty-three, I should say, and wore a full brown beard. I was a boy of some ten years and I remember his dignity better than his words for, after interviewing the teacher, he had something to say to the children. After that I began to hear much of “Bart Hibbern,” as he was familiarly called there in the north country. He became a successful lawyer and knew a good horse and always drove one, and wore a silk hat and could give back better “sass” than he received in a law suit. He became a center of local pride, respected, quoted and admired and soon elected to the Assembly. Of his work there I heard much from time to time, but knew little until I made a careful study of railroad history in preparation for my book, “The Hand-Made Gentleman.” Then I learned that his exhaustive investigation of the railroads as chairman of the Railway Investigation Committee of the New York legislature in 1879 had become an indispensable part of the commercial history of this Republic. No man has written and, it is safe to say, that no man will ever write a respectable history of American railroads without exploring for aid the voluminous and authoritative reports of the Hepburn committee.

In business life as in the woods A. B. Hepburn is a pathfinder. No man has cut his trail further into the new science of world finance. His books on our currency and banking system are read by every student of the intricate problems that grow out of the magnitude of modern commercial operations.

His early years had in a way prepared him for the perils of his later life. A man who had outwitted the red fox and held his own with the Yankee horse trader had nothing to fear from Wall street.

He has learned the Wall street game but is not a gambler. No man has ever fooled him. His keen, gray eyes have seen through every bluff and sham. More than one high-rolling, sumptuous crook has been finally and properly classified in his presence. He stands for the square deal and on both feet. The man who has made any mistake about that has had occasion to be sorry for it.

When he left the Assembly it was to be Bank Examiner for the State of New York. From that time his rise was rapid and continuous. National Bank Examiner, Comptroller of the Currency, Treasurer of the United States, President of the Third National Bank, Vice-President of the City National, and President of the Chase National have been successive rounds in the ladder. Now it is said, here in New York, that he is President of everything worth while but the United States—the Clearing House Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the New England Society of New York, the St. Andrew's Society of New York and the New York Academy of Political Science.

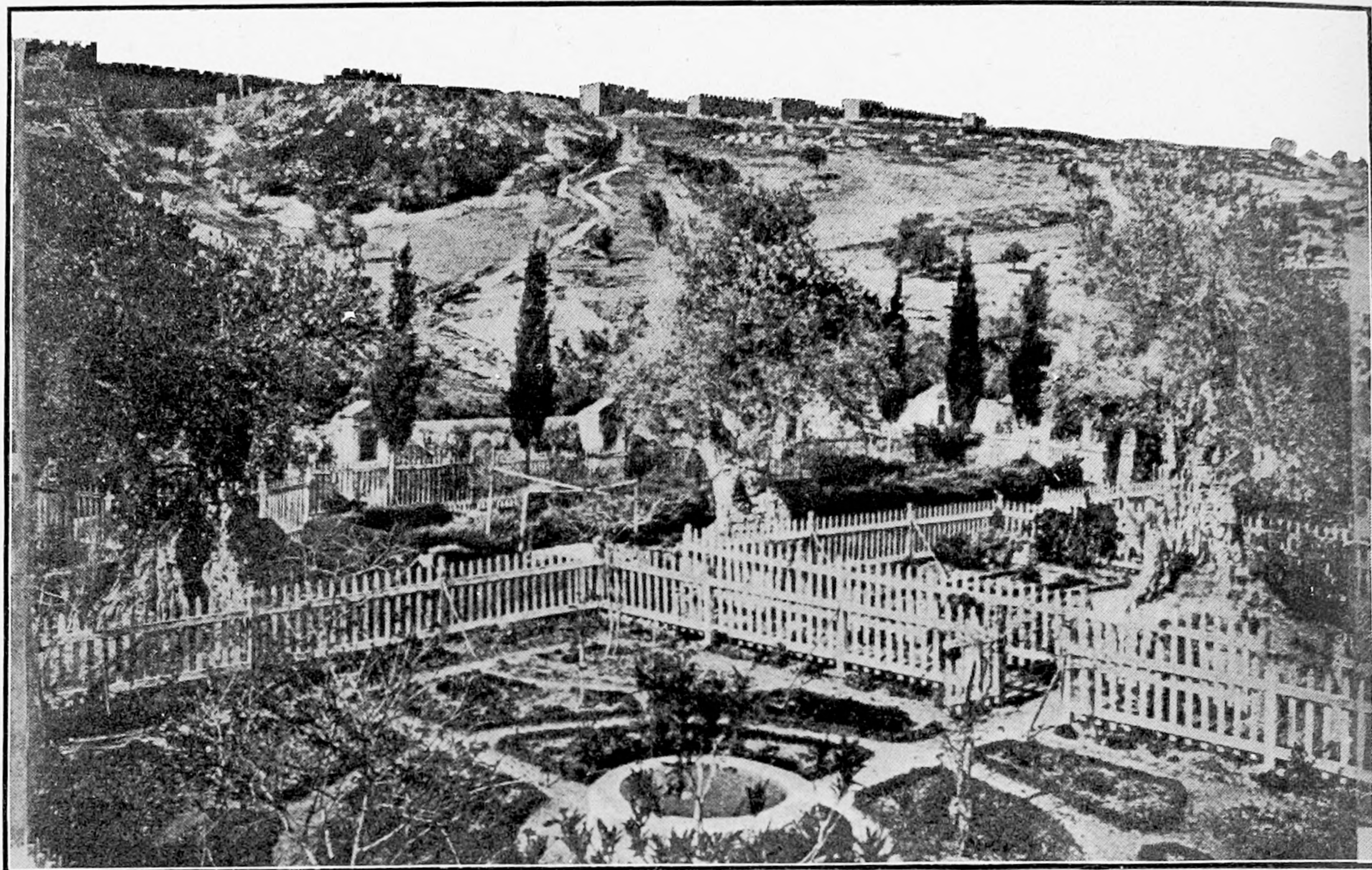
All this has interfered more or less with his duty to me as my best friend and hunting companion, but we have seen much of each other and I speak with some authority when I say that Hepburn is at his best in the field, the plains, the forest and the saddle. I don't know so much about him as a banker but as a hunter and a woodsman he is on a level where I can take his measure. I have spent many nights in camp, many days in the saddle with him. I know the keenness of his eye and I could tell how ably he officiates at the trigger but I leave that to his trophies. I ought to say this, however, that as a woodsman I have never known his equal. I do not believe there is any man who knows the Adirondacks and the white tailed deer and the red fox as well as he does. Before the camp-fire of an evening "Bart" Hepburn shines brightest. I knew little of his deep humanity and tenderness, of his broad knowledge, of his keen insight, of his remarkable command of classic literature until I began to sit with him there. It is there that he cuts free from the complicated science of commerce and revels in poetry and romance, in history, philosophy and sentiment. Then to be with him is a joy and a revelation. This wonderful thing can be said of him and I doubt if there is higher praise for any man: he is honored by many and loved by all his friends.

The name is generally written Alonzo Barton Hepburn.

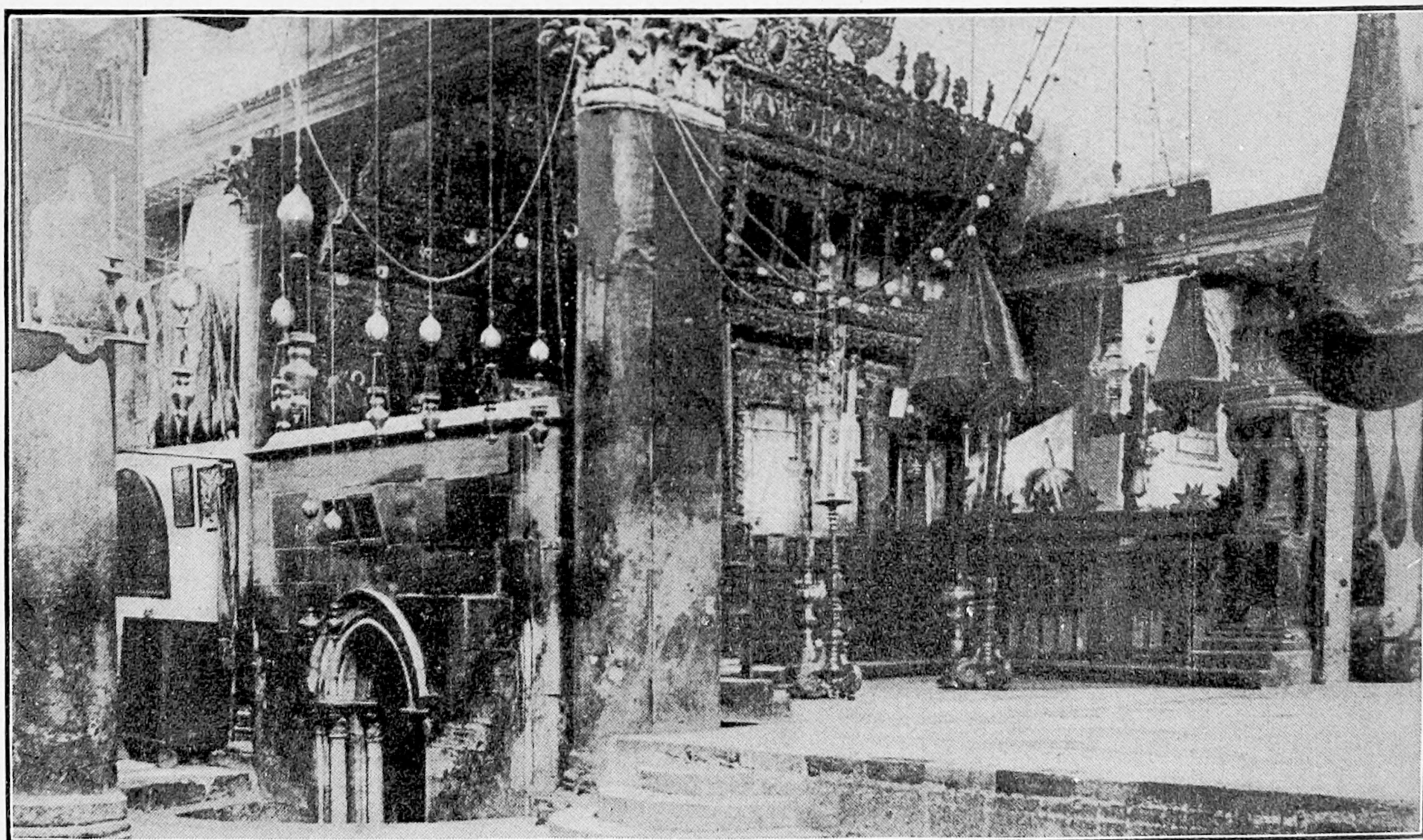
I believe he told me once that in his boyhood he had only two names and felt the need of another. Most boys had three and he could see no reason why he should be less fortunate. So he helped himself to a third name—Alonzo—which seemed to have the right ring to it and the public has confirmed and approved his choice.

Who's *Who* sums up his career in these words :

"Alonzo Barton Hepburn, banker; born at Colton, N. Y., July 24, 1846; son of Zina Earl and Beulah (Gray) Hepburn; A. B., Middlebury College, 1871; LL. D., 1897; D. C. L., St. Lawrence, 1906; married Hattie A. Fisher of St. Albans, Vt., December 10, 1873; second wife, Emily L. Eaton of Montpelier, Vt., July 14, 1887. Was instructor in mathematics, St. Lawrence Academy; principal Ogdensburg Educational Institution; practiced law at Colton, N. Y.; member of New York Assembly, 1875-1880; superintendent of Banking Department, State of New York, 1880-1883; United States Bank Examiner for New York, 1888-1892; Comptroller of the Currency, 1892-1893; President Third National Bank, New York, 1893-1897; Vice-President National City Bank, New York, 1897-1899; President Chase National Bank, New York, since 1899; Director of Bankers' Trust Co., Columbia Trust Co., Fidelity Trust Co., (Newark), Maryland Trust Co., (Baltimore), New York Life Insurance Co., First National Bank, First Security Co., American Agricultural Chemical Co., American Car and Foundry Co., American Cotton Oil Co., Safety Car Heating and Lighting Co., Union Typewriter Co., United Cigar Manufacturers' Co., Trustee and Treasurer Children's Aid Society; Member Delta Kappa Epsilon, New York Chamber of Commerce, New England Society, St. Andrew's Society, Burn's Society, Germanistic Society. Clubs: University, Metropolitan, Union League, City, Barnard, Economic. Author: "History of Coinage and Currency," "Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development." Contributor to Magazines and Reviews.



JERUSALEM—JARDIN DE GETHSEMANIE.
GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—GETHSEMANE.



BETHLEHEM—EGLISE DE LA NATIVITE.
CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY—GEBURTSKIRCHE.

A WEEK IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE.

[BY PIERCE W. DARROW.]

WE are inclined to think of any country of which we have read much, but which we have not seen, as larger than it really is, and in the case of Asiatic countries, such as Palestine, we do not make allowance for the magniloquence in which the Orientals write and speak. Several delightful days on ship-board with Bædeker and other authorities had caused me to suspect, and several equally delightful days in the country caused me to know, that Palestine is, indeed, small. I realized that on a good horse I could easily ride the forty miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem in a few hours. To most of us, however, Palestine will always be larger than other countries of the same size.

I landed at the rocky port of Jaffa one pleasant Monday morning. The dragoman—his name was Gabriel—had been engaged and immediately made himself useful by getting my baggage through the custom house, where even guide books are sometimes confiscated, without its being opened. Though its commerce is not inconsiderable, I suspect that Jaffa owes as much or more of its population and prosperity (?) to the coming and going of the thousands of tourists and pilgrims. Its agriculture has been much modernized by the German and European-Jewish colonies, as the well-cared-for orange and olive groves, vineyards and barley fields testify. I shall not try to attribute any prosperity to the only manufacturing establishment,—a soap factory, which, though small, is probably able to supply the demands. Would that the demands were greater!

The dragoman took it for granted that I wanted, first, to see the little house of Simon the Tanner, which is now a Moham-medan mosque with a small lighthouse on its roof. Next, I was taken to see the ruins of the old wall, the Arab Bazaar, several churches and the hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims of the Greek and Roman Churches. Etiquette demanded that I stop at the shop of Gabriel's brother for a cup of strong black coffee, Arabian style, without sugar or cream, and curiosity demanded that I stop in the dirty, narrow streets to watch the caravans coming into and going out of town. Camels are queer animals, almost as queer as men. Three great roads lead out, one around

the sand-hills, south to Gaza, one east to Jerusalem and one Northeast to Nabulus (Shechem) and then there is the railroad to Jerusalem. The American vice-consul is a German and the proprietor of a hotel, the popularity of which I thought was due more to his name, which is Hardegg, than to his office.

The railway to Jerusalem, of which nothing very complimentary can be said, was built by the French. The train takes four long, hot hours for the journey, but one whiles it away by examining the strange peoples and costumes at close range and comparing the Arabic, French, Italian and German tongues as to euphony and resonance. And out the window one sees apricot and olive orchards, and barley-fields yielding seventy-five bushels of grain to the acre—a crop seldom equalled in America. Leaving this plain, the Plain of Sharon, the train winds up through the narrow valleys which are shut in by rock-mountains, bare of everything but the thinnest covering of soil and dry grass and that only in spots. The valleys are too narrow for any but the most intensive cultivation and that near springs. “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem” began to appeal to me as a strong figure of speech.

From the station I was driven across the Valley of Hinom and into the ancient world-renowned city through the most-used of the eight gates, the Jaffa gate, or rather the breach in the wall near it made for the entrance of the German Emperor in 1898. Perhaps no other wall in the world has suffered so many assaults and remains so well preserved, and where is there another likely to endure so long, perhaps as long as the earth itself? Even my unpractised eye detected several styles and indications of the repairs and alterations of the ages. Its average height is 38 feet and its circumference twelve and one-half miles, but this encloses barely half the present population. Verily it is a wonderful wall.

Here are representatives of almost every nation and religion. The Jews number 40,000, the Moslems 7000, and the Christians 13,000 but the latter are, perhaps not as strong as their numbers would indicate. What influence they possess is due to the wealth and prestige of Europeans, for the native Christian plays a small part. With the exception of the relations between the Roman or Latin and the Greek or Russian churches, the good-will and cordialty existing between the different sects is really surprising. In numbers and perhaps wealth, but certainly not in brains and use-

fulness, are the Latin Catholics surpassed by the Greeks. I visited a Franciscan orphan school where the boys are taught Arabic, French, arithmetic, et cetera in the morning and shoemaking, carpentry and other trades in the afternoon, and attended special song services at the San Salvador church. The friars in their loose brown robes appeared intelligent, well-fed and happy and I decided to join the order should life in Middlebury ever become too strenuous. The Russian and German churches and hospices are splendid and one cannot resist the impression that those nations have intentions on the country.

With the Jews, it is very different, for they are dirty and poor, or at least seem to be. The refuse of the ages has collected in their quarter, the Southeastern; at one point the wall is 156 feet in height, but less than half of it is above ground. The shop-keepers open tins of sardines and sell the contents one by one and cut up chickens as small as my one's and sell them by pieces. Jews are easily recognized by their black hats and the locks of hair which hang down in front of the ears. To watch them in the Wailing Place is to see one of the sights of the world. This stone-paved court against the wall of the Temple site is filled, especially on Friday afternoons, with the older men and women reading their Bibles and praying for the return of the land and the power and glory to their nation, while real tears fall down their cheeks. Like the Christians, they owe their influence to European immigrant brethren who exhibit the same characteristics we are accustomed to attribute to them. One rich fellow, I took him to be from Spain, was being led around by a native on either arm and made to give money to some of the needy. He had a scared look on his face, but they released him after he had helped out about a half dozen cases. Jewish immigration is now prohibited, but their increase, nevertheless, cannot all be attributed to the birthrate. I was told that there are now twenty-two millionaires of their faith in the city and that one of them has at his disposal, perhaps from the Rothschilds, all the money he can use for the purchase of real estate. They probably own the Armenian quarter and who knows how much of the Christian and Mohammedan quarters?

A street or two near the Gaffa gate might be tolerated in an American city, but certainly not the cupidity of some of the curio-merchants there. A few other streets are wide enough for

camels and donkeys and some in the bazaar district, which are vaulted over, are real tunnels. Only courtesy calls them streets for all are ill-paved, crooked and dirty alleys. Along the bazaar streets swept strange and varied costumed crowds buying oranges, lemons, apricots, tomatoes, small apples, cucumbers, onions, potatoes, barley, wheat, carrots, beef, mutton and dry goods. It was not the season for figs, grapes, or olives. The wonder was where all these foods came from; surely the valleys thereabout contain more fields than I saw from Mount Olivet. Other streets were lined with makers of curios of olive wood and mother-of-pearl and stone cutters. Stone is, of necessity, the great building material, for the timber supply is no nearer than in Solomon's time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESIDENT BUCKHAM.

IN announcing the death of President Buckham at the chapel services, President Thomas said:

"It is fitting that in this place a tribute should be spoken to the memory of him for whom our sister institution is this day in mourning. For thirty-nine years he guided the affairs of the University with conspicuous ability: for over half a century he was its devoted servant. No command of scripture is more difficult of obedience than the injunction, 'Be not weary in well doing.' Almost any man can succeed for a year or two, thousands can summon the courage and skill for a spasm of effort, but the men who can keep up the fight year after year, doing their steady best alike through prosperity and adversity, with zeal unflagging and judgment unfailing, are sadly rare. I contemplate with admiration the long career of President Buckham, tireless to the last, never lagging in endeavor, never more alert and useful than in the years when most men cast aside oppressive responsibility.

"I think there is also a lesson for us all in the fidelity with which he served the institution whose interests it was his duty to promote. Year in and year out he gave his utmost wisdom and strength to the service of his University. He never forgot that

he was President of the University of Vermont, and in every public act it was the cause of his University he sought to promote. In whatever he did, he did his best for the University. In my boyhood, a farmer I knew gave me the homely counsel, 'Always work for the man that pays ye.' It was a rugged expression of the obligation of loyalty, fidelity to trust, one of the most important of virtues, fundamental to one's usefulness in society. That virtue President Buckham had in a preeminent degree, and by it he earned the honor of all who knew his work.

"Our State has lost one of its chief citizens, our nearest neighboring college its devoted leader for well nigh half a century. He fought well the common foe of ignorance, and he earned richly the laurels which now rest still upon him. Peace to his memory!"

ST. ANDREW'S DINNER.

OVER seven hundred of the leading citizens of New York city heard from Middlebury last Thursday evening at the annual dinner of the St. Andrews's Society. This is an organization of Scotchmen and men of Scotch descent, to which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has devoted enthusiastic attention in recent years. Mr. Carnegie's influence has made it one of the most prominent and successful of the national societies in the metropolis.

The president of the Society this year is Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, Middlebury, '71, who presided at the dinner last Thursday and spoke on "St. Andrew's Day." The toast, "The Land o' Cakes," was responded to by Mr. Carnegie, who had this to say concerning Mr. Hepburn:

"Your chairman has alluded to the ability of the Scotch for 'getting there.' I first want to mention his own ability for 'getting there'—president of a great bank, president of an important organization in our great city, the Chamber of Commerce, and finally, capping them all, with no higher heights to climb, president of St. Andrew's Society.

"What is the secret of his success? Fidelity to his trust. In all our panics, in all our revolutions in credit, there was not one Scotchman's name dishonored."

After the conclusion of Mr. Carnegie's speech Mr. Hepburn explained that Doctor Woodrow Wilson, Governor-elect of New

Jersey, had been expected to respond to the toast, "The Land We Live In," but had cancelled the engagement only a few days before. In introducing President Thomas as his substitute, Mr. Hepburn said:

"We learned early in life, when in trouble, to go to our mother to have wrongs, real or fancied, righted, and perplexities resolved.

"Confronted with the embarrassment resulting from Mr. Wilson's change of program at such a late date, I naturally turned to my Alma Mater, that grand old college nestled among the hills of the Green Mountain State, a college that graduated its 110th class in June last, and for more than a century, with New England economy, New England efficiency and New England conscience, has been contributing to the education of the nation.

"Founded in the early years of the Republic, she caught the spirit of the Fathers, which found expression in the work she did; the spirit still exists and I felt sure my call upon her would be honored. I knew President Thomas, knew his ability as evidenced by the largely increased student body, increased efficiency of management, improved tone and spirit since he assumed the presidency of Middlebury College. I called President Thomas on 'long distance', explained my predicament and asked him to supply the place. He replied, 'I'll do the best I can.' I know, and you will presently, that the best he can do parallels the best that any of our leading educators can do.

"Our college professors work for meagre salaries, and yet they go everywhere, see everything, enjoy everything and seem to get the most out of life. We are all familiar with the work they do in their respective institutions, but there is another service, no less important, which they render in contributing to general education. They write books—not the 'best sellers', not income-producers, but text-books, reference books,—economics, sociology, philosophy, metaphysics,—subjects abstract and obtruse—books which the general public would shy at as they would at a residence with a yellow flag, yet they contain the knowledge and wisdom to which we may go for reference, and which underlie and inspire all progress. No class does more for the educational and moral uplift than they, and no one has better warrant to speak for the 'The Land We Live In.'

"I've seen the time in the past when I would have dearly loved to call down a college president; to-night it is with pride and pleasure that I call one up."

The account in the New York *Sun* of President Thomas' address was as follows:

"Mr. Carnegie was followed by President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College. When it became known that Dr. Wilson could not come, Mr. Hepburn sent for the president of his Alma Mater. President Thomas came therefore as an outsider, but won his way in a minute or so and had the room with him before he finished. He compared the New Englander with the Scot—he counting himself as one of the former—and cited, as an evidence of a quality of thrift and business sense in both, an average Yankee horse trader with threadbare clothes, dusty boots and half-open mouth. 'You would think him an utter fool,' he continued, 'unless you bought the horse'."

President Thomas declared that he was not a pessimist, although he did read the magazines now and then. He said that this country's safety as a nation lies in the problems that confront it. "As it is hard work that makes men," he explained, "so it is difficult problems that make nations." He cited as the most important of the problems at present before this country that of conservation of our natural resources. "There is a new patriotism coming over our land," he said. "While our ancestors used to fight for the graves of the sires, we are called upon to fight for the welfare of our children." He cited Abraham Lincoln as saying, "that posterity had not done much for us," but said that the time is coming when the sentiment implied will be out of date.

A BIT OF HUMANITY.

IT was in the northern part of Canada. Their hut stood near the foot of a mountain. Outside, the freezing wind moaned and whistled. Inside, everything was softly outlined by the warm glow of the burning pine.

A curtain at the back of the hut was drawn aside and a man entered the room. He pulled out his pipe, filled and lighted it, then stretched himself before the fire. For a quarter of an hour he contented himself in watching his smoke rings appear and disappear. Then suddenly he called:

"Judd!"

"What's up Tim?"

"Just wondered if you'd gone off."

"Nope."

"H——h night out."

"You bet. That wind is sure kickin' up th' devil's own fuss. He's a dead un that's out t'night."

Tim devoted his attention to a few more smoke rings and then began again, "Had you forgotten Judd? It's jus' three years t'night that we struck the comp'ny's quarters."

"Nope. Fact is I been thinking on it all the evenin'."

There was a pause, then he continued. "Funny how we chaps get driftin'. Just think on it. Three years in a dump like this. But there, I'm not kickin'."

"Same here. We've had a tolerable time of it and what more does a man want?"

"Some of 'em git a whole lot less."

"You bet."

"Let's have a game."

"Where's the cards?"

Tim got the cards while Judd pulled a couple of stools up to the table.

The hour grew late. One topic lead to another. Luck lingered now on the left, again on the right. All at once, Judd motioned for silence. They listened a moment.

"Guess you 'maged that, Judd."

"Mebbe I'm sort a on my nerves t'night. I'm as restless as a neglected saint climbing towards Judgment Seat."

A good ten minutes passed. Suddenly they heard something at the door. They opened it. A man stood there. They aided him to enter and in a comparatively short time he felt little worse for his experience. He gave his name as Hardin.

It was at Hardin's suggestion that they started a game of cards.

He seemed jolly enough, but his laughter sounded unnatural and his eyes bothered him when he was getting off a joke. He soon tired of "the parlor game," as he called it, and proposed that they have "the real thing." Each added drink made him more disagreeable. Moreover, it did not take Judd and Tim long to see that their money was accumulating on the third

corner. Perhaps Hardin took one glass too many, for he made the slip that Tim saw.

There was a rapid exchange of threats, instantly followed by two pistol shots. Judd saw Tim fall, noted the blood spurt from Hardin's forehead, then rushed upon him. They were both men of unusual strength and at first neither seemed to have the advantage. Suddenly, Hardin freed the hand that held his revolver. His arm swung. Judd fell. Hardin snatched a rope from the opposite wall and, when he had bound him, stepped into a corner and surveyed his work with mocking approval.

Judd could only lie there and watch him while he searched for their savings, could only threaten as he passed, laughing and sneering into the night.

The cabin he left behind him was a sad one. Judd strained at his ropes and finding that he was tied securely, tried to crawl worm-fashion, to where his comrade had fallen. Tim lay there, a smile still hovering in the eyes that had held true for three long years to his "pal." He attempted to say something, but the lips moved in vain. No voice told him and yet Judd knew it was "good-bye." The rough lines on Tim's face softened, something seemed to clutch his throat, his head fell heavily upon the quiet breast.

After a long time Judd managed to free himself from the ropes.

He buried Tim that night in the room behind the curtain. And when he left the cabin a few days later, he carried in his mind a face with bad eyes, a face with a scar.

Day after day he tramped on. Months passed. The years came and went. His hair grew grey. The time drew near when he could go no farther and sorrow settled down about him. He became a character. They called him this and that, they marked him crazy, but he seldom spoke, simply traveled here and there as each new strike sent its call.

The place had no sign over the door, but the snow outside the entrance had been packed hard. Inside there was tobacco smoke, a rough counter, card tables and men. Each table had its "pile" and full quota of miners. A few lounged near the counter. Over in the corner half a dozen were telling stories. All of them, no matter where the conversation started, came back to gold, rumors and "chances."

You could not have seen Judd from the door, but he sat in the corner, veiled in smoke, huddled up in his chair. His eyes that once had inspired respect, now stared foolishly about the place. His trembling hand hovered near his revolver in a fondling way. Nobody paid any attention to him.

The door opened. The cold air made him cough terribly. A glass of liquor was handed to him. He raised it half way to his lips. The glass dropped. A wan smile played about his wasted mouth. Another glass was brought. This time he lifted it to his lips. It had scarcely touched them before it fell, smashing at his feet.

The old man leaned forward. His teeth wedged. Someone was standing between him and the stove. One step, two steps, three steps, around a table, weakly, stealthily, until he could see the face. A fiendish laugh. A shot! Revolver smoke with tobacco smoke. Claims, gold, rumors, chances, cards, all were forgotten. Someone rolled the murdered man over. There was a scar on his forehead.

"That's Jim Hardin! I'd know that dirty scar anywhere," a miner shouted.

"Hah-ah! Ha-ah-ah!" Again that exulting shout and the old man fell heavily upon the floor.

When the sun set the next day, there lay far down the creek, below the falls, his face cut and bruised, a man with a blood-red scar on his forehead. Judd was buried by his pals of the Northland and they say that his face looked wonderfully happy and contented in spite of all Fate's finger marks and that his last words were, "Tim! Tim! I'm coming, Tim! He's going on ahead!"

CHAS. L. SMIDDY, '13.

THE EDITOR.

THE HEPBURN
NUMBER.

In this, the Hepburn number of THE CAMPUS, we pay tribute to whom tribute is due; a tribute of affection and esteem to one who has for his Alma Mater that true pride and affection which is the glorious privilege of every Middlebury

man. We have asked his friend, Mr. Bacheller, to put our feeling into words. It is a great thing to have attained the honors with which Mr. Hepburn has been favored and to have retained unsullied the beauty and the strength of soul which Mr. Bacheller has so feelingly portrayed. We congratulate Mr. Hepburn upon the position of influence which he holds. May we add to Mr. Bacheller's words the record of our loving pride in this man in the making of whose character Middlebury had a share?

CÖOPERATION NEEDED.

The editors again ask the student body for coöperation. The nine editors alone can not put out such a paper as Middlebury ought to publish. Our alumni and the other colleges judge us to quite an extent by THE CAMPUS. Show your college spirit and contribute. Anything from a joke to a serial story will help. There is no mystic process by which matter may be got into THE CAMPUS, but any one of the editors will be very glad to receive material of any kind which can be used to help better the paper. Be one of the ten contestants to write a short story. Do it during the coming vacation. For conditions of contest see November CAMPUS. If you do not win no one will ever be the wiser, and if you do win the glory and the five dollars will be yours.

POOR SUPPORT.

The spirit shown by the women of the college in supporting THE CAMPUS is exceedingly poor to say the least. This is especially true of the class of 1914. Out of a total of thirty-five only eight are subscribers. In other words \$8.00 is the extent of the aid given to the maintenance of the only paper published by the students. To say that such support is "poor" is putting it mildly indeed, but propriety forbids the use of stronger terms.

With all due respect to the few whose names appear on the subscribers' list, it can only be hoped that the women of the class of 1914 may not have to be depended upon for the welfare of any other college activity if the support given to their college paper can be taken as a criterion.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to A. W. Harris Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'47. The Rev. Gemont Graves, D. D., class of '47, has suffered a severe loss in the death of his wife, Mrs. Maria Moulton Graves, which took place in Burlington, Vt., on October 21. She was in her 79th year. She spent a long and very useful life mostly in Vermont, her native State, and was well-known for her abilities and zeal in all good works. Her husband's address is for the present care of Capt. L. O. Andrews, Fort Myer, Virginia.

'58. Julius Wilcox has presented to the college a complete stereopticon outfit, consisting of a double "Criterion" lantern made by the Colt Bros., and equipped with two-half plate Darlot objectives of the finest quality, oxy-hydrogen burners, dissolving key, pressure gauge, and two screens. The gift also includes about five hundred lantern slides, a large number of which will be of use in the regular course. The equipment is a very fine one and it will be of great value in the lecture work of the college.

'60. Dr. Henry H. Vail, a trustee of Middlebury College, has spent some time this fall in Vermont. His son-in-law, Colonel Billings, is a member of the House of Representatives from Woodstock.

'60. Rev. John K. Williams represents Peacham in the Legislature.

'61. Rev. Sylvester B. Partridge, now living at Hamilton, N. Y., warmly welcomed and spoke very highly of the Middlebury men who played at Colgate University October 22.

'61. John B. Young, for many years superintendent of schools at Davenport, Iowa, has recently retired from that office.

'62. Erwin A. Hasseltine of Bristol, at the September election was re-elected Judge of Probate, which office he has held since 1900.

'63. Rev. Frank H. Seeley of Delhi, N. Y., has a son, Frank B., who is practicing medicine in Castleton.

'63. N. B. Smith has been appointed deputy in the attorney-general's office, State of New York, at the capitol, Albany.

'66. Rev. E. J. Ranslow, who has resigned his pastorate of the Congregational church at Swanton, Vt., though still residing there, recently wrote a very entertaining article for one of the State newspapers, showing that the servant girl question was the unsolved problem of the new agriculture.

'69, Rev. R. C. Flagg has resigned his pastorate in Newport, Vt., and moved to Burlington, his youngest son having entered the medical department of the University of Vermont.

'70. The death of Mr. S. A. Giffin, who lived in Boulder, Col., occurred in California June 24.

'76. Prof. J. W. Abernethy has resigned his position at Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, but still lives there. In a letter November 6 to THE CAMPUS he writes: "I resigned the principalship of Berkeley Institute last February, the resignation taking effect June 10. After sixteen years of labor in this position, I felt very much the need of rest from school routine which could not in any other way be obtained. I desired also to complete certain literary work which had long been neglected and would otherwise have to be abandoned. My work for the coming year will be entirely literary, my attention being given mainly to a history of English literature, to serve as a companion to my American literature published six years ago."

'78. Rev. Julius W. Atwood will be consecrated Bishop of Arizona in Boston on January 18. He would be pleased to have any friends of Middlebury attend the services.

'80. P. M. Meldon was the Democratic candidate for Congress from the First Vermont District at the recent election and made a capital speech in Middlebury during the campaign.

'81. Rev. Chas. S. Murkland, D. D., has rented his house at the corner of Weybridge and College streets to the D. U. Fraternity and is spending the winter with his daughter, Marie, in Ripton.

'83. Jesse Stearns is practicing law with great success in Portland, Ore.

'91. Ezra W. Benedict is principal of the high school in Walden, N. Y.

'92. Alexander McDonald, A. M., was re-elected to the New York Assembly notwithstanding the Democratic landslide.

'93. Rev. Henry G. Megathlin is pastor of the Congregational church in Lebanon, N. H.

'94. Dr. Henry H. Seeley is living in Orleans, Neb.

'94. Laura Clark is an instructor in Smith College.

'95. Rev. Chas. L. Leonard has resigned his pastorate at Saratoga Springs to become temporary financial agent of Troy Conference Academy at Poultney, where he will reside.

'98. The marriage of Miss Frances Viola Brainerd to Mr. Dudley Baird took place at Berkeley, Cal., September 28. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hodgkins. Mr. Baird is engaged in mining engineering.

'98. Homer L. Skeels, who serves as secretary for the present session of the Vermont Legislature, was recently elected state's attorney for Windsor county.

'99. Loren Roy Howard is principal of the high school in Northfield, Mass.

'90. Guy B. Horton, since leaving college, has been at work on the new Vermont Digest, authorized by a legislative resolution, and compiled under the supervision of a State commission. It is a book of 1,164 pages and covers all the Vermont Supreme Court Reports from the beginning. Although technically the assistant editor, yet the larger part of the work was done by Mr. Horton. This report was completed and issued last July and has received many flattering comments. He is now engaged compiling a continuation of the Report, to be entirely his own work. This will be issued this winter. Hr. Horton has also another legal publication in hand, to be announced later.

'01. Burt L. Stafford of Rutland was recently elected state's attorney for Rutland county.

'02. Orvis K. Collins is superintendent of schools in Belows Falls.

'02. Archie C. Sheldon is superintendent of Y. M. C. A. work in Charlotte, N. C.

Julius A. Wilcox, now a lawyer in Ludlow, is assistant clerk in the House at Montpelier.

'03. L. R. Noble has opened a law office in Wallingford, Vermont.

'04. Rev. William H. Hammersley is pastor of the Methodist church in Mechanicsville, N. Y.

'04. Roy W. Jocelyn is principal of Leland and Gray Seminary, Townsend, Vt.

'04. Geo. R. Wilson, a student in summer school, is teaching in Blairstown, N. J.

'05. Harry S. Fisher is principal of the high school in Cattavangus, N. Y.

'05. In the November election in New Hampshire, Ray M. Pickard was chosen Representative from Hardwick.

'05. In Calvary Episcopal church, New York city, on Wednesday evening, November 2, Miss Mabel Georgianna Constantine was married to Sanford Henry Lane by Rev. R. Waverly Baxter. Miss Jessie A. Lane, a sister of the groom, acted as maid of honor, and Edwin Walter Wilcox as best man. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lane of Cornwall, and a graduate of Middlebury College in the class of 1905.

'95. Miss Bessie M. Bump is teaching sciences in Tillotson College, Austin, Texas. The school is maintained under the auspices of the American Missionary Association of the Congregational church.

'05. Miss Fannie K. Milliken is teaching in the Sawin Academy, Sherburn, Mass. Miss Pauline H. Smith is assistant teacher in the same school.

'07. Robert I. Hazelton is teaching chemistry in Baltimore College, Md.

'07. B. J. Mulcahy has entered into partnership with Walter A. Dutton, forming the firm of Dutton & Mulcahy in Hardwick, Vermont.

'07. G. A. Ratti, who is studying at the University of Grenoble, France, expects to finish in May. He will then receive the degree of Doctor of the University.

'08. James L. Lovejoy has entered the medical department of the University of Vermont.

'08. S. B. Pettingill, Jr., a student in Yale Law School, recently had a very telling communication in the New York *Sun*.

'07. Warren E. Bristol, who for the last three years has been the head of the English department in the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria, returned last July to his home in Vergennes, Vt. He is now educational director, East Side Branch Y. M. C. A., New York city. His address is 153 East 85th street.

'08. Ben. E. Farr is principal of the Roselle high school, Roselle, N. J.

Ex-'08. Gideon Norton is at work in the office of a lumber company at Boulton Landing, N. Y.

'09. Ivan D. Hagar has the position of chemist at the Hidalyo Cement Works, Nuevo Leon, Mexico.

'09. Frank A. Farnsworth has entered the Protestant Episcopal General Theological Seminary, New York city.

'09. Edward H. Martin, Jr., is in Portland, Oregon, where he expects to go into business.

'09. L. D. Smith is assistant teacher in the Wells River high school, Wells River, Vt.

'09. Bertha O. Stillson is assistant teacher in the Bradford high school, Bradford, Vt.

'09. Miss Gwendoline Morris gave a delightful house party at her pleasant home in Fair Haven to a few of her friends in college during the Thanksgiving recess.

'09. The many friends of Arthur Wallace Peach read with pleasure his name in the prospectus of *Lippincott's Magazine* as one of the poets whose contributions will appear during the ensuing year. The list includes the well-known poets of the country.

'10. Doctor Thomas announced in chapel recently that Ray L. Fisher had been offered the position as physical director, his duties to begin January 1.

'10. On the 24th day of August, James L. Cadwell was married to Miss Sarah Peckam of Pike, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Cadwell are now in Richmond, Va., where Mr. Cadwell is teaching in Union University.

'10. The engagement of William H. Carter to Miss Angeline Wilcox is announced.

THE FRESHMEN PARADE.

MOTHER TRADITION brought the freshman parade, in addition to the snow-storm, for the Norwich-Middlebury game. The most noticeable feature was a band consisting entirely of pieces. "Pink" Smith introduced "Pip" Ormsby, who had a costume to match the weather and, later, the busy interlocutor acted as third man for a Jeffries-Johnson act. Meanwhile the Co-eds enjoyed the clowns, the barkers, the showmen, the black sheep, and so vieter ad infinitum. The class of the gold and blue toques is to be congratulated on its naturalness which was common talk in the village.

C. L. S. '13.

THE DEAN.

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.

A fresh there was and he made his plea,
(Even as you and I)
To a gray old dean with a white goatee,
(We called him a dean who was not "easy,"
But, the fresh he thought he was smarter than we)
(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the lies we invent and the truth we stretch
And all the excuses we've planned
Belong to the Dean who swallowed them all
(For the fresh he thought he swallowed them all)
And pretended to understand.

The fresh got a notice of forty marks
(Even as you and I)
Which made him go to class with the sharks
(After "cutting out" his midnight larks)
So the fresh he learned the value of marks.
(Even as you and I).

But it isn't the shame of the "Cuts" we get
That stings and makes us sore.
It's coming to know the new excuse,
(Or what we thought was a new excuse)
(Had been sprung on the Dean before.

—'12.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The program of addresses announced for November have proved helpful and interesting. At the initiation on Nov. 1, President Noyes spoke briefly on the meaning and possibilities of membership in the Y. M. C. A. Forty-two answered to the roll call. Judge Weeks and Superintendent Barss were unable to be present as scheduled for Nov. 8. Accordingly Professor Wright gave a talk on the subject as announced, "The Bible as a Companion," in which he showed that there is a growing interest in Bible study among progressive college men. On Nov. 15, County Secretary Moran gave the men one of his straightforward talks on the subject, "A Man Needed." Nov. 22, Professor Skillings told how one man saved a town by his quiet influence for progressiveness in business, thought, and the larger life. Nov. 29, Professor Bryant spoke on choice, an address packed with helpful thought. Dec. 6, Professor Cady addressed the Association on the subject, "The Roots of Christian Character." The special music has added decidedly to the tone of the meetings. The Y. M. C. A. extends a cordial invitation to all the men of the college to be present at these weekly meetings, which are held on Tuesday at 7 P. M. in the Hemicycle. The program for the rest of December follows: Dec. 13, "The Philanthropy of the Poor," Professor Collins; Dec. 30, "Two Christian Schoolmasters," Professor Burrage.

DEBATE WITH ST. LAWRENCE.

THE college debating team consisting of F. A. Coates, '11, J. M. Avery, '12, and C. S. Reynolds, '13, debated with the St. Lawrence team at Canton, December 10. The question was: Resolved, that the United States should adopt the general policy of granting subsidies to American ships engaged in international trade. Middlebury upheld the affirmative. The judges by a vote of 2-1 decided in favor of St. Lawrence. The delivery of the St. Lawrence men was markedly superior to that of the Middlebury debaters.

SOPHOMORE HOP.

THE Sophomore Hop of the class of 1913 will take place on the evening of Thursday, December 22, 1910. There will be dancing from 7 to 2. In accordance with President Thomas's desire the limit of expenses is cut below that of former years but the Hop will be in no wise inferior to those that have preceded. Practically the only difference will be that instead of the customary supper at the Addison a buffet lunch will be served in the hall. The price of the dance is \$2.00 per couple.

THE COMMITTEE.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Ruth Hill, '12, is again in college.

Miss Mabel Agnew has returned to college after a short absence.

Miss Rhoda M. White gave a lecture at Northfield, Vt., on December 2.

Miss Laurie Besiegel, '13, has returned to college after several weeks' absence.

The Week of Prayer was observed in the college by daily meetings from November 13 to 19.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a party at Professor and Mrs. Burrage's on Saturday evening, November 26.

The Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity gave an informal dance and card party at their rooms in the Atwood block on Saturday evening, December 3.

A Sunday afternoon meeting was held in the Hemicycle on December 4 at four o'clock. Miss Corbett addressed the women. Her subject was "Prayer."

On December 17th the Commons Club held a card party and dance in its rooms in the Cobb block. Prof. and Mrs. Frank W. Cady acted as chaperones.

Wayne C. Bosworth, recently received the announcement from Oxford that he had successfully passed the Rhodes scholarship examination, which was held here in November.

On Thanksgiving day Miss White entertained at the Sargent the women students remaining in town. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, followed by a walk on Chipman hill.

Miss Margery Daw Johnson who acts as investigator for the National Consumers' League and who was Miss White's guest for a few days recently, addressed the Y. W. C. A. meeting of November 22.

Professor Wright's Saturday evening readings for seniors and juniors this winter are in Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Three meetings have already been held and have been much enjoyed.

The Commons Club held its annual initiation banquet at the Addison, November 12. The initiates are: Harold W. Abbott, John T. Bartlett, Jr., David H. Brown, Howard C. Farwell, Percy D. Gunn, Robert H. Hill.

Something new under the sun has appeared in the mid-semester reports and "flunk" notices sent out by the Registrar.

HOLIDAY ATTIRE

Get fixed up right, boys. We've got
the proper things to do it with. . .

EVENING CLOTHES

You'll find everything here including White Gloves, Studs, Dress Shirts, Collars, Mufflers, Silk and Lisle Hose, Dress Suits to rent. Remember, Quality is our hobby; nothing but the best and everything is correct.

WILSON-ROOT CO.,

MODERN AMERICAN CLOTHIERS.

45 Main St.

Middlebury, Vt.

WASHBURN



Violins
Mandolins
Guitars
Banjos

The World's Standard. Tone clear, mellow and very powerful. Absolutely perfect in scale. Finest workmanship. Prices from \$15 upward. Send for illustrated Catalog to the makers.

For sale by all leading music dealers.
Desk D802
LYON & HEALY
CHICAGO

(95)

30-38 Adams Street.

Students who had not maintained a passing average or whose ranks had fallen below seventy, were sent written notices.

Thanksgiving evening President Thomas opened his house to all students in town. The evening was delightfully passed with games and college songs. Many of the faculty were present and Miss White's readings were appreciated by all.

Edwin S. S. Sunderland, '11, left November 15 as the delegate of the local, Alpha Alpha, Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, to attend the sixty-fourth national fraternity convention at Detroit with the Detroit University and Country clubs.

On the evening of November 11, the Y. M. C. A. invited the men of the college to a mass meeting at Hamlin Commons. The college orchestra furnished music. Professors Brown and McGilton were present, and by their sound and inspiring talks helped arouse confidence and enthusiasm for the next day's game. Manager Tuck and Captain McConnell also spoke.

That the people of Vermont are appreciative of the Middlebury College Extension Lecture Course may be seen from the list

of places, representing the length and breadth of the State, where dates have already been made for these lectures. Dates have been arranged at Springfield, Newport, Peacham, Danville, New Haven, Manchester, Enosburg Falls, North Troy, Pomfret, Townsend, Proctor and at Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Professor McFarland spoke on "Deep Sea Fisheries," anecdotes from his own experience, before the Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity, December 5. His article in the November CAMPUS, "The Mistassini Expedition," was exceedingly interesting and instructive. On Thursday evening, December 15, he delivered an address on "Explorations in Labrador" in the chapel before the men of the college. It was enthusiastically received.

The faculty and the students of the German department were the guests of the German Club at a lecture on the Passion Play given by the Rev. F. M. Wilson in the Hemicycle on the evening of Nov 6. The lecturer was introduced by Dale Atwood, president of the club. Mr. Wilson witnessed the presentation of this play in 1910 and gave in a most interesting manner a history of its origin and development, the part it plays in the life of the people of Oberammergau, and something of its setting and content.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
SCHOOL of
 Established 1824 **ENGINEERING**
Civil, Mechanical, Electrical
 Send for a Catalogue. **TROY, N.Y.**

USUALLY

*When you're sick you don't
 feel well, but when you wear
 clothes made by the*

ROYAL TAILORS

*you do feel well. Dew drop
 in and see a good "Clothes-
 Line."*

"Cap." Wiley,
No. 6 Starr.

If you wish anything
 to improve the appearance
 of your rooms at college
 drop in and see us.

Exceptional Groceries for
 Feeds and Social Gather-
 ings can also be obtained
 at...

F. W. Beckwith's

Established 1827

F. J. Hubbard,

Special Agent,

Middlebury, Vt.

REPRESENTING

The Mutual Life of New York

Benjamin S. Stewart, a former member of the class of 1911 and now an instructor in the Gunnery School of Washington, Conn., has recently signed in the Connecticut League to play with Northampton during the coming summer. The following clipping taken from the Springfield Republican of December 6, 1910, will be of interest to his many friends: "Manager Gil Edwards of the Northampton base ball club is anxious to have a winning team up the river the coming spring and he is confident that his club will make a much better showing than last year. Edwards will, of course, have several new men to try out and among the most conspicuous will be a new pitcher and catcher. Both of these fellows will come strongly recommended. B. S. Stewart is the name of the backstop and he achieved distinction at Middlebury College where he caught Ray Fisher, the former Hartford pitcher, now on the staff of the New York Americans. Stewart will coach the Gunnery school baseball team of Washington, Ct., next spring and will not report to Northampton till June 15."

JOHN T. BARTLETT, Jr.

Typewriter and Stenographer

11 STARR HALL.

CALLING CARDS WRITTEN
WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS.

MOXIE ATWOOD,
CHI PSI LODGE.

THE BEST COLLEGE SOUVENIR

..IS THE..

1911 COLLEGE CALENDAR

In four sections. With four
views of the college or town.

With colored views,	-	-	30c.
With photographs,	-	-	35c

Dutton's Pharmacy,

58 MAIN STREET

College Book Store

Students' Supplies of all kinds.
College and fraternity pennants, sofa
pillows, and stationery. Special
banners made to order on short
notice.

✻ ✻ ✻

Sunderland & Kopke.

Popular Clothing House

Reopened October 1st, 1909



Copyright 1909 by
Hart Schaffner & Marx

All new up-to-date stock and new cash prices. We have something to say of especial interest to all college men. Please call early this season.

Very truly,

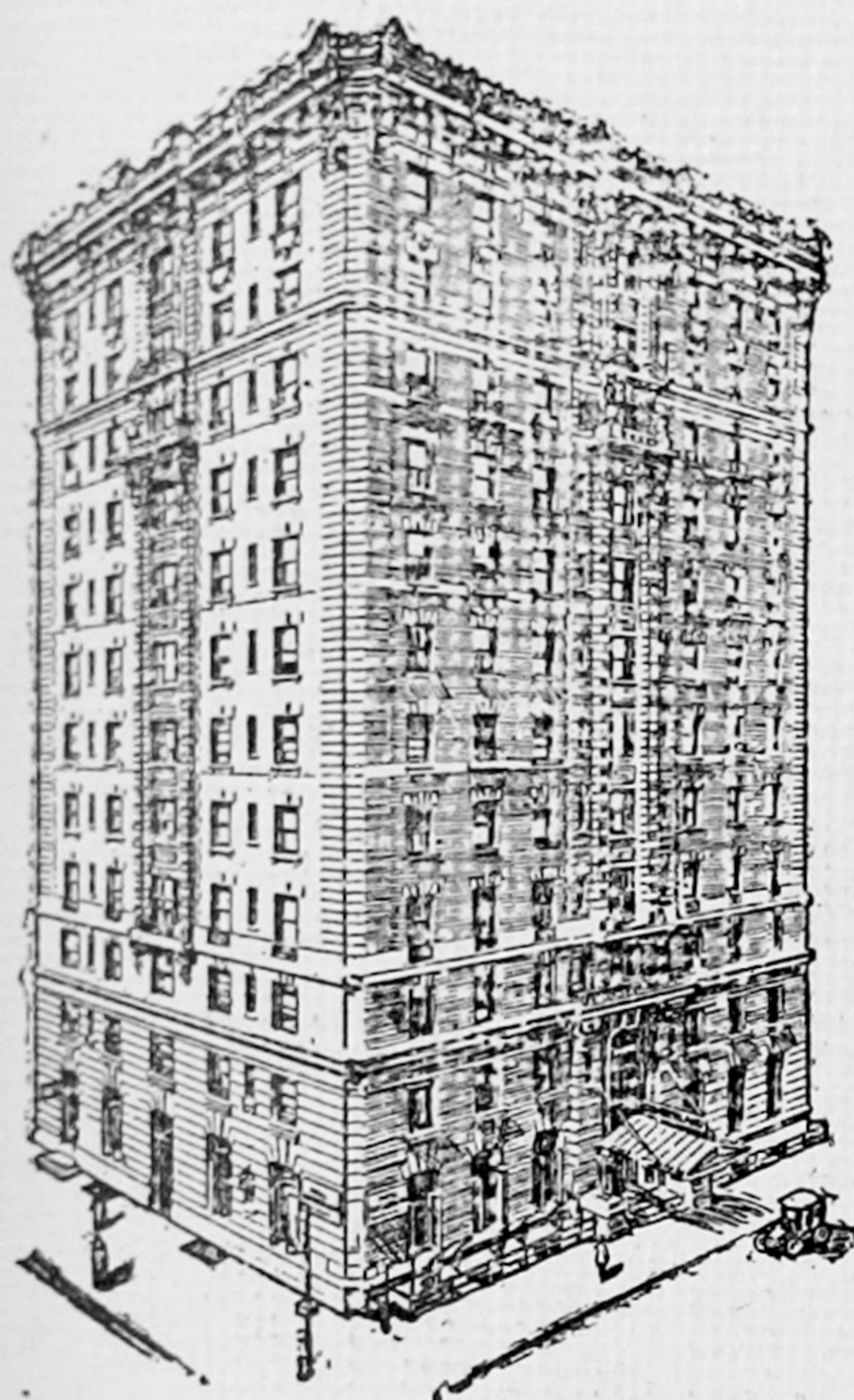
C. N. Atwood & Co.,

Middlebury, Vt.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND NEW YORK

S. W. CORNER BROADWAY AT 54th STREET

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53rd St. Elevated



**Kept by a Middlebury College
Man. ¶ Headquarters for Col-
lege Men.**

Ideal Location, Near Theatres, Shops
and Central Park.

New, Modern and Absolutely Fireproof

Most attractive hotel in New York. Transient Rates
\$2.50 with Bath, and up. **Ten minutes walk to
20 Theatres.**

HARRY P. STIMSON, (Middlebury '77)
Formerly with Hotel Imperial.

R. J. BINGHAM.
Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

This school is rated in Class A by the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association, which is sufficient guarantee of a satisfactory educational requirement.

It is located in an ideal college city, has a new building with modern equipment, and large hospital and clinical facilities.

Session opens November 1st, 1910.

For Bulletin giving full particulars, write to

DR. J. N. JENNE, Secretary,
Burlington, Vermont.

WE ARE READY FOR YOU, IF YOU ARE !

A FULL SHOW OF WINTER WEARABLES

☞ EVERY- THING MAN OR BOY WEARS ☞	SUITS — Custom Made by "B. Stern & Son"
	HATS — "Lamson & Hubbard" * * *
	NECKWEAR — Newest Silks, Latest Shapes *
	GLOVES — "Dent's" for Street, Dress and Driving
	SHOES — All Kinds of Leather, All Shapes *
	SHIRTS — For Business or Dress * * *
	HOSE — Plain and Fancy Colors * * *
	BATH ROBES — Blanket and Fancy Patterns
	PAJAMAS — Outing Flannel and Woolen *

JOY'S "The WHITE STORE" CASH
Middlebury, Vt. NO CREDIT

COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL

HUNTINGTON AVENUE, EXETER
AND BLAGDEN STREETS,
BOSTON, MASS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE AND SCHOOL ATHLETIC
TEAMS WHEN IN BOSTON. THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY
ROOMS. TWO HUNDRED PRIVATE BATHS.

* * *

AMOS H. WHIPPLE, = = Proprietor.